

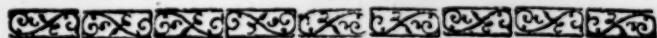
NATVRES OVERTHROW, AND DEATHS TRIVMPH.

A SERMON PREACHED
AT THE FUNERALL OF SIR
JOHN SYDENHAM, Knight, at
Brimpton, the 15. of December.
1625.

BY
Humphry Sydenham, M^r. of Arts,
and Fellow of WADHAM College
in OXFORD.

*Studeat quisque sic delicta corrigere, ut post mortem non
oporteat pœnam tolerare.*

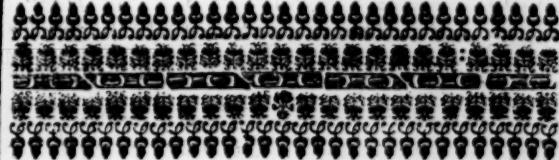
August. lib. de verâ & falsâ pœnitentiâ.



LONDON,
Printed by JOHN HAVILAND.

1636.





TO MY MVCH RESPECTED KINS-

MAN, JOHN SYDENHAM,
Esquire, This.

SIR:

Here is as well an obedience in
matters of desire, as command,
and with me a request hath ever
beene of larger authority than a
Mandate. You were pleas'd (formerly) to im-
portune me for a transcript of this Sermon;
now, for the impression of it; I have obey-
ed you in either; but I feare 'twill lose some
of the lustre in the perusal, which it found
in the delivery. I am not so happy a master of
my Pen, as of my tongue; nor you (per-
chance) of your eare, as of your eye, that
some tinckling fancies may (at once) take and
delude:

The Epistle Dedicatory.

delude: this, is more subtile, and perspicacious, and will not bee gull'd with the barke and shell of things, but pierces the very kernal, and the marrow; 'Tis sometimes with the eare, and eye of a Scholar, as with his fancie, and his judgement; the one hath many a cheat put upon it by weake impostures, which the other both discovers, and rejects, and sometimes (as it doth here) pitties. What you shall meet with of vigour, and soliditie, entertaine, cherish, tis yours; yours first in the birth, and occasion, now, in the protection, nourishment; what more languishing, and abortive, lay on the Author, tis mine, like me, I le fater it; However, twill implore your charitie, the charitie of your faire interpretation; not of your benevolence; which if you shall vouchsafe, you have nobly rewarded the endevours of

Your affectionate kinsman,

H V M. SYDENHAM.



NA T V R E S O V E R T H R O W , A N D D E A T H S T R I U M P H .

E C C L E S . 12. 5.

Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners walke about the streets.



Ortalicie loves no descant ; your
plaine song sates best with blacks,
that which is gravely set to compunction,
sorrow tun'd heavily,
to sighs and lamentations. What
should warbling aires with darted
bosomes and unbalmed hearts ?
what your quaint and youthfull
raptures, when — *Mourners walke*
about the streets ? If Zion bee wept for, harpes must be
Y bng

bung upon the willowes ; sad objects require furrowes in the cheeke, and rivers in the eye, and wee then most honour the exequies of our friends, when wee embalme the deceased with our teares. Away then with eares wanton'd to looser Sonnets ; offend not with unchaste attentions these hallowed anthemes, here's broken harmonie ; dirges as fullen, as they are sacred ; panting and heart-broke elegies, such as should bee rather grān'd, than sung. Aske the Preacher (here) and hee will tell you, — *The daughters of Musick are brought low, and the yeeres draw nigh, when wee shall sy, we have no pleasure in them.* Hec stories of a Sunne, and Moone, and starres which are obscur'd, and of cloudes that returne not after raine ; as if the wōrld were at her last pang and gaspe, and ready for her funerall. Behold ! the little world is — *The keepers of the house have trembled, the strong men bowed themselves, the grinders ceased, and those that looke out of the windowes, darkned ; the Almond tree doth flourish, and the Grasshopper is a burden, and desire shall fail.* — Because — *Man goeth to his long home, and mourners walke about the streetes.* —

Eccles. 12. 41.

Verse 2.

Verse 3.

3.

Division.

Part 1.

Without any racking or violence to the words, they offer themselves to this division, 1. the subject, Man, 2 his condition, transitory condition, exprest by way of pilgrimage —, — *Goeth* —. 3 the *non ultra*, or *terminis ad quem*, of this his pilgrimage —. To his home-inlarged with an epithete — *Long home* —. 4 the state and ceremony it there meets with, — *And the mourners walke about the streetes* —. Of these in their order, first of the subject, Man.

To dwell with circumstances, and overhip the maine, was ever an embleme of negligence, if not of weaknesse ; each Fabulist will tell you of a dog and a shadow, and what they morall. He that jangles (meerly) about nominals, where matters of realtie and substance fleet by, may speake himselfe a Grammian or a Sophister, scarce a Divine. Of the name of Man, its source and pedigree,

I list

I list not to discourse ; not an ignorance so untaught, or understanding dull'd, but would forestall me, or shalld I (by chance) meet with some intellectualls, so thin and tender, that could not (as it is a chance I shalld) scarce an object but would be both your spokesman, and remembrancer ; yonder sad spectacle, that earth, this stone would tell you.—*Homo ab humo*, from the ground, *Adam ab Adamah*, from the earth, red earth, not that more solid part of it, but the brittlest, dust, so the curse runs, —*Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt reuinre.* In the word *Man*, in the various acceptation of the word *Man*, (wherein some syntagmaticall Divines have unprofitably toil'd) Ie not curiouſly or impertinently travell, but without any figurative or metaphoricall sense, take it properly and literally, as the Text gives it me, —*Man*, that is, a reasonable living creature, or rather a reasonable living soule, for so the Spirit of God Christens it, —*The man was made a living soule*, Gen. 2. 7. and the same periphrasis the Apostle uses too, 1 Cor. 15. The first man *Adam* was made —*εις ζωντανον, in animam viventem, or anima vivens — a living soule*, vers. the 45. yet in the 44. of the same Chapter, hee calls him, —*σωμα ζωντον — a living bodie*. Either coat hee is justly blazoned by, so wee give the difference rationall, a difference so speciall and proper, that it divides him from any other ; for reason is an intellective power, peculiar to man onely, and not communicable to a second creature ; by which *λογιζεται*, or (as the Schooleman tearms it) *discurrit* ; out of one thing he deduces another, and orders this, by that, both in method and discretion. Hence it is called *λογος*, and the worke or office of it, *λογιτως, discensus — propter anime celeritatem* —, for the volubilitie and nimblenesse of the soule, by which it traverses and moves from one object to another, from effects to causes, and backe againe, from all things to every thing, and from that (almost) to nothing. And as man was prerogativ'd above others, in respect of perspicacitie, so of Empire,

Amb. Pol. c. 35.
Synec.

Idem, ut supra.

Natures Overthrow,

Fer. in Genes.

Genef. 1. 27.

contra Philo.

Purch. Pilgrim.

Gregor. Nazian.

Beasts.

Angels.

Men.

and dominion, for where is in other passages of creation, we finde a kind of commanding dialect, —with a *fiat lux*, and a *producat terra*. — *Let there bee light, let the earth bring forth*; In that of *Adam*, words more particular, of deliberation and advice. — *Let us make man*—, *Man*, a creature of those exquisite dimensions, for matter of body; of those supernaturall endowments, of soule, that now *omnipotencie* bethinkes it selfe, and will consult. The privy Counsell of *Sonne*, and *Holy Ghost*, is required to the moulding and polishing of this glorious peece. *Angels* may *ooke on*, and *wonder*; *touch*, or *assift*, they may not; no, not so much as to *temper* or *prepare the metall*. Here is worke onely for *a Trinitie*. A taske for *Jebovah* himselfe, for *Jebovah Elohim*, the *Father*, by the *Son*, in the *power of the Spirit*. No doubt, somewhat of wonder was a projecting, when a compleat *Deitie* was thus studying its perfection, somewhat that should border upon everlastingnesse, when the finger of God was so choicely industrious, and loe what is produced? *Man*, the masterpeece of his designe and workmanship, the great miracle and monument of nature, not onely for externall transcendencies, but the glorie and pompe of inward faculties stamp't, and engraven to the image of his God, through the righteousnesse of an immortall soule; besides, a body so symmetriously composed as if nature had lost it selfe in the harmony of such a feature. *Man*, the abstract, and modell, and briefe story of the universe, — the *utriusque naturae vinculum*—, the cabinet and store-house of three living natures, sensuall, intellectuall, rationall, the Analystis and resolution of the greater world into the lesse, the Epitome and *compendium* of that huge tome, that great *Manuscript* and work of nature, wherein are written the characters of Gods *omnipotencie* and power, framing it, disposing it, all in it, to the use and benefit of *man*, of *man* especially, of *man*, wholly; other creatures paying him an awfull obedience, as a tribute, and homage due to their

their commander in all things, so neere kiane to Deitie, that *Melancthon* makes him a *terrestrial transitory God*: having little to divide him from a—*Numen*—, but that one part of him was *mortal*, and that not *created* so, but *occasion'd*, miserably occasion'd, by *disobedience*.

A little *forbidden fruit* (from the hand of a fraile creature) shall disinherit it of an eternall privilege, and man is now thrust out of the doores of his everlasting habitation for two prettie toies, *an Apple, and a woman*; however *death bung not on the fruit*, (faith *Chrysoftome*) but the *contempt*, which was not so *voluntary*, as *suggested*; fond man, that is thus cheated of an assurance of immortality, by a false perswasion that he shall be immortall, that—*eritis sicut Dii*—hath dampt all; the Serpent perswades him, —if he doe but *taste*, hee shall bee as *God*, when hee hath tasted, findes himselfe worse than *man*; a *worme* indeed, no *man*. Thus hee is at once fool'd out of everlastingnesse and the favour of his Maker: the anger of the Lord is now sore kindled, and his furie smoakes in a double curse against him, and what he was framed of, *earth*; that which hath (hitherto) voluntarily presented her fruitfulness, in *hearsbs*, and *plants*, and all things requisite for his sustenance; now, *widest*, and not watered in the bubble and sweat of an industrious brow, affords him nothing but *thornes* and *thistles*; just reward of *disobedience*, *barrennesse*, and *death*. Lamentable felicitie, which (at height) is but *conditional*, and then *fatal*. There is no miserie so exquisite, as the sense of a lost happiness. Calamitie is supportable enough, where there is not felt, or seene, a more honourable condition; but, to be tumbled from a *bisse* we were sometimes master of, is a punctuall wretchednesse. *Man*, but now on the *pinnacle* and *spire* of all his glorie, in a moment shamefully throwne from it, and with him, all posteritie. But, loe, there is mercy even in justice, and life in the very sentence and *jaw* of death.—*The seed of the woman shall breake the Serpents head.*

head— Shee that was (ere-while) a chiefe instrument in his fall, shall be now a maine agent in his restauration, not to that state wherein he was created, but to that wherein he shall be glorified. The soule (through faith and grace) shall still be preserved immortall, but the body must les-
sen of its primitive condition, the soule as a Sunne that is eclips'd, or clouded, shall shine againe, the body, like some meteor, for a time exhal'd, falleth to the earth from whence it came ; and as some metals (laid for a space in the bosome of the ground) grow more refined, and purified, so shall the bodie, *interred a naturall one, rise a glorious.* In the *Intervalum*, as a punishment for transgression, it shall resolve into what it was made of, and it must *goe to its long home, the grave* ; where wee have now brought it, and would have laid it in, but that the captious *beretick* violently withstands it, and thus he interposes. *If man returne into earth, as he is earth, then he was mortall before he sinned, and so death seemes to be of nature, and not punishment.* — It is not answered by deniali, but distinction, and wee must (here) eriticke betweene *mortale*, *mortuum*, and *morti obnoxium*, *mortall, dead, and liable to deſth.* Wee call that *dead* which is actually deprived of *life* ; *ſubiect to deſth*, what is within the fathome and command of *deaths power* and *tyrannie* for *ſinne*, though not *actually*, yet *in time*. *Mortall* two wayes, either for that which by a *necessitie* of *nature* *ought* to die, or for that which as the *merit* and *reward* of *ſinne*, *can* die. The body of *Adam* (before finne) was of it ſelfe *mortale* (as *mortall* is taken in the last ſenſe) because *mutabile*, and that is *mutable*, which of it ſelfe *can* ſuffer change, al- though it never doe, as the good *Angells*, and God onely is *immutabk*— *Per ſe, & natura* (as *Augustine* ſpeakes in his booke *de vera Relig. cap. 13.*) But the bodie of *Adam* was not *mortitum, to dye*, if hee had not ſinned, but by a *glorious change*, without death, had beene tranſlated by God into an *everlaſting incorruptibilitie*. It was *ſin* then that

that made man obnoxious to the strokes of death, not any condition, or necessitie of nature, and therefore I know not whether I may call it an *error* of the *Pelagian*, or a *blasphemy*, who would have *Adam* (had hee not transgressed) dye by the *law of nature*. Hence he might infer, that death was not a *punishment for sinne*, and so by consequence, *Christ not died for it*; but we find this (by a Council) long since doomed for an heresie, and an heavy *Anathema* laid on the Patron of that tenent in *Coucilio Allevitano*, cap. 1. and more particularly by *Augustine* in his first booke *de Peccatorum meritis & remissione*, cap. 2. You see then that death and all corporall defects, were scourges following the disobedience of the first man, not occasioned by any impulsion or languishment of *nature*, and *Aquinas* will reason it thus, —*If a man for an offence be deprived of some benefit that is given him, the wanting of this benefit, is the punishment of that offence.* To *Adam* in his state of innocence there was this boone conser'd from *Heaven*, *that as long as his minde was subiect unto God, the inferiour powers of the soule shoulde bee obedient unto reason, and the bodie unto the soule.* But because the minde of man (by sinne) did recoil and start backe from this divine subjection, it followed, that those inferiour powers also would not bee totally subiect unto reason; whence grew so great a rebellion of the carnall appetite, that the bodie (too) would not bee totally subiect to the soule. Upon th's breach death enters, and all that pale band of diseases, and corporall infirmities, for the incontinuitie and life of the bodie consists in this, that it bee subiect unto the soule, —*Sicut perfectibile sic perfectioni*, —as the Schooleman speakes, *as a thing perfectable to its perfection.* On the other side, death, and sicknesse, and languishments of bodie, have reference to the defects of the true subjection of the bodie to the soule. And therefore necessitie of consequence will induce, *that as the rebellion of the carnall appetite to the spirit, was a punishment of our first fathers sin; so mortalitie, and all corporall imperfections*

imperfections too, as the Schooleman punctually in his 2^o. 2^o. 164. quest. 1. Artic. The curse then due to the lapse of our first Parents, hovers not over the soule only, but, for it, the body ; the body (before) in a blessed way of incorruptibilitie, but not of it selfe, but from the soule, so Augustine tells his *Dioscoris*, — *Iam potens natura Deus fecit animam, ut ex ejus beatitudine, redundet in corpore, plenitudo sanitatis, & incorruptionis vigor* — in his 56. Epistle. His bodie then was not indissoluble by any vi-
gour of immortalitie existing in it selfe, but there was (supernaturally) a power in the soule, divinely given, by which man might preserve his bodie from all corrupti-
on, as long as it remained subject unto God. And the Schooleman hath good ground for it ; for, seeing the
reasonable soule doth exceed the dimensions and proportion
of corporall matter, it was convenient, that in the beginning,
there should bee a vertue given it, by which the body might
bee rescued from all infirmities, and conserved above the na-
ture of that corporall matter, as the same Aquinas part. 1.
quest. 97. Art. 1. The whole man then (mixt of bodie
and soule) was in the creation in a glorious state of im-
mortalitie, but it was with a — *Quodcumodo* — (as An-
gustine tells us, *de Genes. ad Lit. lib. 6. cap. 25.*) not abso-
lutely, — *Ita ut non posset mori*, — but conditionally — *po-
terat non mori* — It is true, hee had a power not to dye, if
hee had not sinned ; but it was a necessarie he should dye,
when he had ; otherwise God had beene as unjust to his
promise, as hee was severe in his command, for so the
charge runnes, — *At that day thou eatest thereof thou shalt
dye the death* — He hath eaten, therefore hee must dye —
But from whence commeth this death ? from God, or
from himselfe ? or both ? originally from neither ; not
from God, he cannot be the cause of it, death being a pri-
vation only, having *name* (faith Augustine) but no es-
sence ; besides, it is an *Omen* and an ill to nature. What-
soever God made, had an essence, was a species, good ; the
Text

and Deaths Triumph.

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Text tells us so, six times tells us so, in one Chapter, Genes. 1. God made the firmament, and it was good, He made the earth, and it was good; in a word, hee saw all that hee had made, —Ecce erant valde bona, —they were very good. — We may not thinke then that God therefore created man, that hee should dye; or, because death followed his disobedience, God was the cause of it. Death may bee an instrument of his justice, not an effect of his producing. It is one thing to give the sentence of death, another to bee the author of it. Indeed Augustine sayes (lib. 1. Retract. cap. 21.) that death (as a punishment) hath reference to God, not, as an obliquitie; and the Schooleman is at hand too, with a distinction for a two-fold death, one, as an ill of humane nature, or a defect incident from mans transgression, that, hee dares not lay on the Almighty, the other, as it hath some species or resemblance of good, to wit, as it is a just penance for his rebellion, this hee doth in his 2^a. 2^e. 164. quest. Art. 1.

As therefore in the creation of the world God is said to make light, and to separate it from darknesse, not to make darknesse, as if that were of it selfe some blinde masse and Chaos, and therefore God chid light out of it; so in the creation of man God is said to make life (God breathed into him the breath of life) not death, nay hee doth separate that light from this darknesse, and doth chide life not out of it, but from it, with a —Cave ne manducas—take heed thou eat not, for if thou dost, —morte morieris—thou shalt dye the death. That therefore of the wife man will vindicate the Almighty from this misprision, —God made not death, neither hath he pleasure in the corruption of the living, for he created all things, that they might have their being, and the generations of the world were healthfull, and there was no poison of destruction in them.

The wombe then of this great plague of man the Apostle rips up, —when hys hys conceiveth, it bringeth forth sinnes, and sinne when it is perfected, bringeth forth death,

Genes. 1, 21.

Aquinas.

Genes. 1.

Wisdom 1.
13, 14.

Natures Overthrow,

lust, Jam. 1. 15. The birth then of sinne is through a conception of lust, and the strength of death through a perfection of sinne. Loe then the cause of this great calamitie discovered ! but how came that ? originally from the man ? no. How then ? — *Through the envie of the devill came death into the world*, the 2. Chapter of the same booke, verl. 24. And therefore Saint *Augustine* calls it, — *mors à morfe* — from the biting of the Serpent. And our Saviour tells us, — *Ille homicida ab initio, John 8.* — *He was a murderer from the beginning* ; whence perceiving man (by his then obedience) advanc'd to that place from which he was headlong'd, now dissolves, and breakes into secret envie ; this envie wrought deceit, deceit concupiscence, that, disobedience, disobedience, sin, sinne, death. So that the envie of the devill is the source and spring-head, deceit, the Conduit, concupiscence, the pipe, the waters conveied in it, disobedience, sinne, the Channell or Cisterne into which they fall, death. Tell *Adam* then of the forbidden fruit, hee laies it on his wife, — *The woman gave it mee.* Aske the woman, shee puts it on a third, — *The Serpent seduced me.* — Aske the Serpent, there it stayes, and in stead of an answer, we finde a curse, — *Because thou hast done this, upon thy belly thou shalt creepe, and dust thou shalt eat all the dayes of thy life.* The man then all this while growes not obnoxious in respect of seduction, but *assent*, the woman of both ; so the Apostle — *Adam was not deceiv'd*, — *sed mulier in praevaricatiōne sua* — the woman being deceiv'd was in the transgression, 1. Tim. 2. 14. If God then aske *Adam*, — *num comedisti ?* *Hast thou eaten of that tree of which I commanded thee thou shouldest not eat ?* Hee answers not with a — *Mulier seduxit*, — the woman hath seduced mee, but onely with a — *debit* — *shee gave mee, and I did eat.* If hee aske *Evah*, — *Quid fecisti ? Woman, what is this that thou hast done ?* shee at empty of any other evasion, as of strength, laies all on the shoulders of the seducer, — *with a — Serpens fe-
dix*

Genes. 3.

Aug. in locum.

duxit me, — the Serpent seduced mee. God inquires no farther, but sentences, — I will put enmity betwixt ber seed and thy seed, it shall breake thy head, and thou shal bruike his heel, as it is nimblly obserued on the 2. booke of the Sentences, distinct. 22.

Thus, with some blood, and travell, I have shewed you man, in his origithall, height, fall ; how created, in what glory thron'd, how funke, what the sin, the occasioner, the punishment ; whence he was, what he is, whither he must ; earth, from earth, to it ; thither hee shall without reprivall : the sentence is past, the executioner ready, and hee must goe, for — *Man goeth*, that's my second part, his transitory condition expressed by way of pilgrimage.

Goeth.

Viz supra.

Egidius de Roma.

P A R S II.

Man goeth. —

RAre expression of his frailtie here, if it may not bee more properly said — *bee is gone*, than that *bee goeth*. *Our dayes* (saith the Kingly Prophet) *are gone even as a tale that's told*, *Psal. 90. A tale*, of no more length than certaintie. Againe, they are *dayes*, not *yeeres*, as if our being (here) depended upon moments, more than time, or if time, that which is present, not in future ; *Dayes* are enough, and *yeeres*, too much, or had we both, loe, they are *gone, gone even as a tale that's told*, a *tale*, as momentary, as vaine. *Seneca* tells his *Polybius* onely of three parts of life answerable to those of time, past, present, to come, *What we doe, God knowes is short* ; *what we shall doe, doubtful* ; *what wee have done, out of doubt* : so that our best peecce of age is either transitory, or dubious ; and where a wise man discouers either, he will at least suspect change, if not sleight it. Pitch man at highest, ranke him with

with *Kings, Prophets, Priests* ; and wee shall there finde him on his hill of ice, whence hee doth not slip so properly, as tumble : one sayes hee is *a shadow*, another *a smoke*, a third *a vapour*, brave resemblances of his station (here) and durabilitie, when the best commendation wee can bestow on either, is—they *pass*, or else they *fade*,—As if it were a sinne to say, *they Are, but they Have bee*n. The *Grecian* then scarce shott home to the frailtie of man, when hee calls him *ιονυτον*—*a creature of a day*,—hee did that nam'd him—*Hesternum*—yesterday—*Wee are but as yesterday, and know nothing*, Job 8. 9. Alasse poore man, no better than a watrish Sun betweene wo swolne clouds, or a breathleffe intermission betweene two fevers, *miserie* and *fate*. Loe how they kiss? *Man that is borne of a woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery*: accurate calamitie; in method, *born*, a *short time to live*, full of *miserie*; and to make frailtie compleat, the thing *woman* is inserted too.—*Man that is borne of a woman, &c.* David was too prodigall in his similitude, when hee beat out the age of man to the dimensions of *a span*; an inch, a *punctum*, had beeene bountifull enough, the least Atome types out his glory here, his glorie of life, 'tis breath on steele, no sooner on than off; Sun-burnt stubble, at once flame and ashes. *Wee are at a good key of happiness*, when wee can say—*wee are transitory*—*wee have scarce sometimes* so much life as to know we dye, even in the very threshold and porch of life, death strangles us; as if there were but one doore of the sepulchre and the wombe; so that man is but a *living ghost, breathing dust, death cloath'd in flesh and blood*.

Hee goeth, vanisheth rather, vanisheth like lightning, which is so sudden, and so momentarie, that wee more properly say wee remember it, than that we see it. How is 't then, that life is sometimes spun to the *crimson*, and sometimes the *silver thread*, from the *Downe* and *tender woorl* in child-hood, to the *Scars* in the manly cheeke, and

and the *tinsell* and *snow* in old age ? Indeed, the white head, and the wrinkled countenance, may read you the Annals of threescore and ten, perchance calculate our life to a day longer; what is beyond is trouble, and so was that, and yet hath not this man liv'd long ? *diu fuit, non diu vixit* — Seneca replies, *How canst thou say bee hath sailed much, whom a cruell tempest takes immediatly, as soone as bee is off the Havens mouth ? and after many a churlish assault, of wind, and billow, much traversing his way, wav'd and surg'd to many a danger, bee is at length driven backe the same road, but now he went out by ? this man hath not sailed much, but hath beene much beaten.* And indeed wee have here but our — *tempestuosa intervalla* — , 'tis not life truly, but calamitie. *A well glost'd misery, gaudy unhappinesse, glorious vanitie, a troubled Sea, tormented with continuall ebbes, and flowers ; sometimes we are shipwracked, alwayes toss't, and thus expos'd to daily blust'ring, we find no Haven but in death.* Hereupon the Grecian called the first day of mans life, *γένεσις της ζωής*, — *a beginning of conflicts* — ; So that wee shall meet with more troupes of sorrow, (here) then we have meanes either to resist, or to appease them.

*Considerest thou not (sayes that grave Philosopher) what a kinde of life it is nature presents us with, when seeke woulde teares should bee the first presages of our condition in this world ? How pretily Augustine emblemes it in his tender infant, — *Nondum loquitur, & tamen prophetat*, cryes are the first Rhetoricke he uses, by which ere he can speak, hee prophesies ; and by a dumbe kinde of divination, wailes out the storie of mans sorrowes here. And now his odors, savours, lassitudes, watchings, humours, meats,drinks, repose, all things, without which he could not live, are but the occasion of his death. And therefore that famous Romane, receiving sudden tidings of the death of his only Son, answered without distractiōn nobly, — *I knew when I begat him he should die* — , life being nothing else but a journey unto death, a going to the*

De brevit. vita
cap. 3.

Idem ibidem.

Senec. ad Lucil.
Epist. 70.

Natures Overthrow,

long home. It is a little part of it we live, the whole course of our age, being not *life*, but *time* rather; which we cannot recall being spent, or cause it for present, not to spend, but it treads by us, without noise, and so swiftly, that it is here when we expect it comming, and gone by us, when we thinke 'tis at us. *Man goeth*—, Goes as some curious watch does, wound up (perchance) for an houre, at most, for a day, and then 'tis downe; which time, if it minute right, it is a rare piece; sometimes by distemper, it runs too fast, sometimes set backe, by the providence of the keeper, sometimes, againe, it beats slow, like a dying pulle, by and by, it stands still, as if the whole machine languished; anon some wheele's amisse, or a spring broken, and then we say it is not downe, but disordered, so disordered, that 'tis beyond our Art of rectifying, it must be left to the skill of the Maker; who, to joynit it the better sunders it, and to make it more firme, for a while destroyes it. The great Enginer and framer of the world, will have it so done to our fleshly tabernacles, who by the *workmanship* of death, shall take the whole fabricke of the body into peeces, and for a time, lay it by in the grave, till against the great and appointed day, hee shall new wheele and joynit it, and set it more gloriously a *going*, by the vertue of the resurrection. So that man not onely *goeth*, (as I told you) but *is gone*, twice gone, dis-sould, by the frailtie of the bodie, to the captivitie of a grave, re-bodied with the soule, to the honour of a resurrection. You see then, man is still in a place of fluctuation, not residence, and he is said to *sojourne* in it, not to *inhabit*. *Wee saile by our life*, my *Lucilius*, (sayes that Divine Heathen, let no squemish eare cavill at the title, for it belongs to *Seneca*.) *And as in the Seas the Shores and Cities fly*; so in this swift course of time, wee first lose the sight of our childhood, and then of our youth, and at length discover the straits of old age, at which whether we shall arrive, or no, it is doubtfull; and when we have, dangerous. That late famous (but unfortunate)

unfortunate) Historian, who had run thorow all ages of man, and almost all conditions in them, speaks here not like a speculative, but a practicke and experienced man ; and resembleth his seven ages, to the seven planets ; whereof, our *Infancy* is compared unto the *Moone*, wherein wee seeme onely to live, and to grow as plants doe. Our *second age* to *Mercurie*, in which wee are tutor'd and brought up in our first Alphabet and forme of discipline. Our *third age*, to *Venus*, the dayes of our love, daliance, vanitie. *The fourth*, to the *Sunne*, the shining, beautifull, glorions age of man. *The fift*, to *Mars*, in which thorow fields of blood, we hew out a way to honour and victorie, and wherein our thoughts travell to ambitious ends. Our *sixt age*, to *Jupiter*, wherein wee begin to take a strict calculation, and account of our mis-spent times, and bud, and sprout up to the perfections of our understandings. *The seventh*, and last, to *Saturne*, wherein our dayes are full, and overcast, in which we finde by trodden experience, and irreparable losse, that our golden delights of youth, are now accompanied with vexation, sorrow ; our lackies and retinue, are but sickneses, and variable infirmities, which whispering unto us our everlasting habitation, *and long home*, we at length passe unto it, with many a thorny meditation, and perplexed thought, and at last by the industrie of death, finishe the sorrowfull businesse of a transitory life.

Seeing then our bodies are but *earthen cottages*, *bouses of dust*, and *tenements of clay*, the *anvils* which diseases and distempers daily hammer, and beat on ; since our life doth *passe away as the trace of a cloud*, and is dispersed *as a mist*, driven by the beames of the *Sunne*, why doe wee crowne our dayes with *rose buds* ? why doe we fill our selves with *voluptuousnesse*, *cofily wines*, and *ointments* ? why say wee not *to rottennesse*, thou art my *father* ? to the *worme*, thou art my *mother*, and my *sister* ? Why doe wee pamper, and exalt this *journey-man of corruption* ? this *drudge* of

Wisd. 1.

Job 17.14.

Natures Overthrow,

of frailtie ? this slave of death ? why doe we not remember the imprisonment of the soule ? and that which Cyprian calls, *ber gaole-deliverie* ? why call wee not our actions to the barre ? arraigne them ? checke them ? sentence them ? why doe wee not something that may entitle us to Religion, while it is called to day, *Foole*, this night shall thy soule bee taken from thee, this houre (perchance) this minute, nay this punctifinium of it. Who would not speedily draw water out of a river, which he knew would not continue long in its running ? Who would not suddenly extract somewhat from those wholesome fountains which shoulde cherish and refresh the thirstie and barren soule ? why doe we gaspe, and pant, and breath for a little ayre, which nature (for a time) fann's upon us, and takes off at her pleasure in a moment ? why steere we not with desire to our long home ? why prepare we not for our progresse, since wee must needs thither ? why crush we not this cockatrice in the ege, and so forestall the venome of that eye whose darting is so fatal ? Shall I believe (sayes Seneca to his *Lucilius*) that fortune hath power in all things over him that liveth, and not suppose rather it can doe nothing to him that knoweth how to dye ? 'Tis not good to live, but to live well ; and therefore a wise man liveth as much as he ought, not as much as he can. We see the frailtie of others hoarely brought upon the Sceane, and how the dayly traffique of disease with us prompts us our mortalitie. Those glorious bulwarkes, and fortresses of the soule, are but sanctuaries of weakness ; languishing, crazy, and batter'd constitutions, but natures warning peeces, the watch-words of a fraile body, which keep strict Sentinell o're the soule, lest it steale from it, unawares, and so the great enemie both invade, and ruine it. How frequent even amongst Pagans have beeene their—*memento mori*—? and a death's head (you know) was a chiefe dith at an *Egyptian* feast. So should that (yonder) to every resolute Christian, but such

*Seneca Epist. 7.
ad Lucilium.*

Mors.

Epist. 71.

pre-

presentes (as thosē) have beeñ of late no great dainties with us, a service of every day, almost of every place (the whole land being little better than a Charnell-house) and wee cannot but see it, and chew on't too, if wee bee not dust already, and that flie in our eyes, and blinde us, and so the complaint of *Cyprian* whip us home—*Nolumus agnoscere, quod ignorare non possumus.*

Why shoulde then this sad toll of mortalitie dishearten us? groanes, and sighes, and convulsions, are the bodies passing-bels, no lesse customary than naturall; and more horrid in the circumstance than the thing.—*Pompæ mortis magis terret quam mors ipsa*, the retine and complement of death, speake more terroure than the act. The *Adversary*, the *Judge*, the *Sentence*, the *Tailler*, the *Executioner*, more daunt the malefactor, than the very stroke and cleft of dissolution. Are we so foolish (sayes the good Heathen) to thinke death a rocke which will dash or split us in the whole; no, 'tis the Port which we ought one day to desire, never to refuse; into which (if any have beeñ cast in their younger years) they need repine no more than one rebich with a short cut hath ended his Navigation. For there are some, whom slacker winds mocke and detaine, and weary with the gentle tediousnesse of a peaceable calme; others swifter wasted by sudden gusts, whom life bath rather ravishē thither, than sent; which had they a time delay'd, by some flattering intermissions, yet at length, must of necessitie stranke saile to't. Some faint-hear-
ted *Adrian* will (to his power) linger it, and fearefully expostulate with a parting soule, as if the divorce from the bodie were everlasting, and there should not bee (one day) a more glorious contract; when an heroicke *Cannus* shall rebuke the teares in his friends cheeke, and thus bravely encounter death and him,—*Why are you sad? enquire you whether soules be immortall? I shall know presently.* Brave resolution, had it beeñ as Christian-like, as 'twas bold.

Againe, some effeminate *Rhodian* will rather languish

A a

under

Seneca ad Lucil
Epist. 52.

Idem ibidem.

Quæ nunc abi-
bis in loca, pal-
lidula, rigida,
nudula?

under the grindings of a Tyrant, than sacrifice the remainder of a famin'd bodie to an honourable death; when a confident *Hilarion* shall dare all those grisly assaults, — *Soule get thee out, thou hast seventeen yeeres served Christ, and art thou now loth to dye?* Once more, some spruce *Agag*, or kem'd *Amalokite* would bee palfie-strucke with an — *amara mors* — *death is bitter, death is bitter*, *1 Sam. 15. 32*. When a *Lubentius* and a *Maximinus* have their brest-plate on, with a — *Domine parati sumus* — *We are ready to lay off our last garments, the flesh* — And indeed (saith *Augustine*) Bougbes full from trees, and stones out of buildings, and why should it seeme strange that mortals dye? Some have welcom'd death, some met it in the way, some baffel'd it, in sicknesse, persecution, torments. I instance not in that of *Basil* to the *Arrianated Valens*, ('tis too light) that of *Vincentius* was more remarkable, who with an unabated constancie, thus stuns the rage of his mercilesse executioner. — *I boun shalst see the Spirit of God strengibben the tormentid more, than the Devill can the bands of the tormentor.* And that you may know a true Martyrdome, is not dafsl't either at the expectation, or the sense of torture, a *Barlaam* will hold his hand over the very flame of the Altar, and sport out the horridnesse of such a death with that of the *Psalmist*, — *Thou hast taught my hands to warre, and my fingers to battell.* Seeing then we are compass'd with such a cloud of *witnesse*, what should scare a trae Apostle from his — *Cn-pio dissolvi* — ? Let us take his resolution and his counsell too, — *lay aside every weight, and the same that doth easily beset us, and let us runne with patience the race that is set before us*, *Heb. 12. 1*. There is no law so inviolable, as this of *Nature*, that of the *Medes* and *Perians* was but corrupt, to this — *Statutum est omnibus semel mori* — Every true Christian knowes it, and feares it not so much out of *opinion*, as *nature*; and why should *nature* doe it, since 'tis call'd *our home, our long home*, whither 'tis as certaine we

wee shall goe, as doubtfull, when ; and therefore I must now preſe you with *Pauls Objecro vos tanquam aduersi*, — *I beſeech you as ſtrangers, and pilgriſms upon earth*, looke not backe to the onions, and flesh-pots here ; put forward for your laſt habitation, know you muſt at length to them, there is no by-way to avoid them, for — *Man goeth to his long home* —, that's my third part, the — *terminus ad quem* —, of this his travell. — *His long home.*

PARS III.

His long home.

Long home. A periphrasis not of death ſo properly, as the grave, the bed-chamber of the body when 'tis dead; or rather, the bed it ſelfe (for ſo Job ſtiles it) — *Thou h[im]ſelf made my bed ready for mee in the darke*, deaths withdrawing roome, corruptions tyring-house, natures Golgotha, her Exchequer of rotten treasures, hid there till the day of doome, *Regis Serpentinum*, (as the Sonne of Syrake calls it) the randevouz of creeping things, and beſts, and wormes, Eccluſ. 10. 11.

Come hither then, thou darling of the world, thou great favourite of flesh, and blood; thou whose honours (here) are as blooming, as the Lillies, and Roses in thy youthfull cheeke; know, *Image*, though thy heade bee of gold, and thy bodie of silver, thy feete are but of clay, and they will lead downe to this chamber of death, where thou maſt behold the glory of thy anſtors, as *Augustine* did at *Rome*, that of *Cefars* in his Sepulchre. — *An eyelleſſe, cheekeleſſe, worme-gnawne viſage*; nougat but rottenneſſe, and ſtench, and wormes, and bones, and duff, and now — *Ubi Cesaris preclarum corpus* (ſaies the Father) *ubi diuītūm magnitudo?* *ubi cæſtrua Barorum?* *ubi acies mili-*

Natures Overthow,

Sic saltem opus illud sit Augustini.

*Cupraus de 4. hom. novissinis,
Seru 3. pag. 56.*

sum ? ubi apparatus deliciarum ? ubi thalamus pictus ? ubi lectus Eboracensis ? ubi regalis thronus ? ubi mutatoria vestimentorum ? ubi magnificentia ? ubi omnia ? Sibi pariter defecrunt, quando defecit spiritus, & eum in sepulchro, trium brachiorum, reliquerunt cum fato, & putredine---, in his 48. Sermon, *ad fratres in eremo*. Crowne, and Scepter, and Robes, and Treasure, and Sword, and Speare, and Valour, and Youth, and Honour, and (what the world could not (but now) either master or containe) his bodie, trencht in a grave of six cubites, no more, there *Cesar* lies in earthen fetters ; and so shall all dissolved bodies too, till that fearefull arraignment at the great assises. In the meane time, the soule shall bee either wafted hence into *Abrahams bosome*, or else hurried to that cave of darknesse, and everlasting horrour ; no third place to purge and refine it, after death ; no Romish trap-doore (through which a bribe of indulgence may presume to fetch it off at the pleasure of a cheating Confitory) but it hath here--- *sum Purgatorium*---. One of their Purgatory-monsters tells mee so, nay tells a Cardinall so, and bids him pray with *Augustine*, *—Domine bic ure, bic seca, ut in eternum parcer*.

Thus you see, Man is now brought to his---long home---, his soule gone to its place of rest ; but wee may not yet interre the bodie ; that we shall doe anon ; some ceremony remaines to be performd first ; for loe, how the *Monners walke about the streets* ? That's my last part ; the state, and ceremonie man meets with : in the consummation of his pilgrimage--- *The monners walke, &c.*

P A R S

PARS III.

The Mourners, &c.

The triumph, and honour, death challenges in the solemne interment of the deceased, hath beeene a ceremonie no leſſe venerable, than ancient. Twas almost 3000. yeeres agoe, the *Mourners* (here) walke about the streets ; after them those of *Hadadrimmon*, in the valley of *Megiddo*, when all *Judah* and *Jerusalem*, mourned for *Josuah*, 2 *Chron.* 35. before both for *Jacob*, in *Goren Atad* beyond *Jordan*—where they mourned (saith *Moses*) with a great and sore lamentation, *Gen.* 50. 10. Such a pompe, of sorrow as was a preſident to all posteritie ; forty dayes the bodie was embalm'd, then threescore and ten more, mourned for, before the Funeral, seven after ; against the day of interment all the tribes muſt bee ſummon'd, their families, their allies, and their retaine ; *only their beards, and their little ones, left in Gosen*. I read of no wife, or daughter absent, no tricke of Religion, or pretence of retired sorrow, to keep them off these publicke exequies, to whiſt a dirge or requiem in a corner. No doubt they ſadly followed the heaſe even to the Sepulchre, thinking a teare wrung over a parting bed not halfe ſo emphatical, as that which is dropt into the grave. Besides, *Joseph himſelfe muſt bee ſent for out of Egypt* ; no imployment at Court keeps him off these great ſolemnities, but hee goes up to *Canaan* with all the ſervants of *Pbarao*, and all the Elders of his houſe, and all the Elders of the land of *Egypt*, and all his brethren, and his fathers houſe, and his owne too ; and they buried him (ſayes the Text) in the cave of the field *Macopela* which *Abraham bought of Ephron the Hittite*, before *Mambre*, *Gen.* 50. 13. And indeed twas

Dempſis 308.
Annis. Salomon enim vixit anno
mundi 2930. Iof-
ſiah, anno mu-
ndi 33:4. Jacob
2108. Chytre-
us in Chronol.

Natures Overthrow,

a religious providence the old Patriarches had, in purchasing a possession place for their burials, and posteritic (a long time) kept it up, even to superstition, thinking their bones never at rest, till they were laid in the Sepulchre of their fathers, which honourable way of interment, in these tympanous and swelling times of ours, (wherein wee warre more about matters of title, than religion) were a good meanes to preserve our names from rottennesse ; if our contention, and pride, and riot, have left so much of a devout'd inheritance as will serve the dimensions of a dead body.

Some noble mansions of the kingdome (heretofore) have now, scarce, that happinesse. A greene turf, or a weather-beaten stone, will cover that body, which (ere while) a whole Lordship could hardly cloath ; and that life which swum in Tissues, and imbroideriers, in death (scarce) findes a blacke to mourne for't about the streets. Sad Hearse that hath nothing to wait on't to the grave, but the ruines of a familie, nought to weepe ore', but the blubbrings and languishments of a gentle blood, farre more wounding and deplorable, than the condition of some noble caitife, who rather than hee will allow death the least triumphs in his funeralls, will have his treasurie, honour, religion too (if he had any) earth'd up together in his — *Long home* : — a ditch were fitter, and some unnatrall, gouty-fisted heire would like it well ; ours doth not, you see, the — *Mourners have walkt about the strett* — 'Tis well, and an act no lesse of duty, than religion ; and those which have beene zealous in't heretofore, have worne the two rich Epithetes of *charitable, blessed*, — *Blessed are ye of the Lord*, (saith David to the men of *Jacob Gilead*) *that you have shew'd such charitie to your master Saul, and buried him*. Buried him, is not enough, 'tis too naked and thin a ceremonie, except these *Mourners* too *walkt about the strett*. *My Sonne* (saith *Tobit*) *when I dy,埋rie mee honestly*, *Tob. 14. 10.* And *Jaacob* (on his death-bed)

bed) conjur'd his Sonnes to interre him in a prescript solemnite, and therefore the Text saith, — *They buried him as they had sworne unto their father, Gen. 50. 6. 12.* And indeed those — *Officia postremi ministris* — (as *Augustine* calls them) those solemn rites which wee strew on the funerals of our deceased friend are no effect of contrefie, but debt, and from an able successor, no lesse expected than required. — *My sonne (saith *Syracides*) poure thy teares over the dead, and neglect not their buriall,* Eccl. 38. 66.

And therefore those dispositions are little below barbarous, which smarle at a moderate sorrow, or decent interment of the dead, and had never so much learning, or at least so much charitie, as to interpret that of the Apostle, — *Let all things bee done decently, and in order,* 1 Cor. 14. Had not our Saviour all the Ceremonies of this — *Long home? the cleane linnen cloaths? the sweet ointments? the new Sepulchre?* these *Mourners* (too) about the streets? Hee then that in a wayward opinion shall disallow of either, may well deserve the honour of *Jeboiakims funerall*, which is not to bee named without pittie, and some scorne, for the Text saith — *he was to be buried like an Asse* — And, for my part, I wish him the happinesse of an *Anchoret*, his *Cell* be his *Churh*, and hee himselfe both *Priest* and *Caves-man*, not a teare to traile after him to his *long home*, nor a *Mourner* scene about the streets.

It hath beeene a custome of some barbarous Nations (but in this not so despicable) to howle their dead to their long home; others dropt them in with a teare onely, no more — *In ignem posita est, fletur* (saith the *Comicke*.) That of the *Romanes* was too gaudy a sorrow, and comes well home to the excesse of pomp in the fate of great ones, now, who though in their life time have flav'd themselves to the world by an ignoble rrait to obscuritie, and miserable thrift, yet at their farewell, and

Jerem. 22. 19.

Going

Natures Overthrow,

Going bener, to give the times a relish and taste of their
generousnesse, the — *Mourners shall walke about the
streets*. A monument must bee built, a Statute rais'd, El-
cutcheons hung, for the embalming of his honour, whose
name (sometimes) deserves more rottennesse than his
carkasse.

That worth is canonickall and straight, which is in-
roll'd and registred in the impartiall hearts and memo-
ries of the people, not in a perfidious Tombe-stone, or
perjur'd Epitaph. A vertuous life is a mans best Pyra-
mide.

Be thy actions unblamish'd, squar'd out to Religion,
virtue, Every heart's a Tombe, and every tongue an Epitaph.
And thus ballac'd thou need'st not feare any flotings of
the times, any moth or gangrene either on thy state, or
name; but when death shall take downe those rotten sickes
wherewith thy earthly tent is compas'd, thy gray haire shall
goe in peace to their long home, and the — *Mourners shall
walke about the streets*.

They have walke now, and done their devoyer in
their last way of ceremonie. But where's the bodie I
promis'd you to interre? sure some Disciple stol's a-
way by night, and laid it in its long home, where it is
now under the bondage of corruption. But there is
somewhat left behinde, which I would willingly pre-
serve from rottennesse, his name: to which, though
I may lay some challenge in respect of blood, little
of acquaintance; that, being as great a stranger to mee,
as the passages of his life, or death; so what I shall
speake, is both *traditionarie*, and *scot*, very *scot*,
thus.

Hee was a man of more reservednesse than expressi-
on, both in his act and word, and of the two, hee
had rather doe curtesies, than professe them. His out-
ward deportment, and face of carriage (where not
knowne) *sawre and rough*. In his passions (for which
he

He hath suffer'd strangely in the creatures of the world; somewhat windy and tempestuous, but such as had authoritie onely from the tongue, not the heart, and as soone ore-blowne, as occasion'd, nought else but a greene leafe in a flame, crackt, sparkled, and so out. His rule of friendship the best, not popular, but choice, and there too, where it found truth, no glosse; there unshooke, nobly-constant, his both in his heart, and in his purse; not in his purse, (as Seneca writes of *Sicilius*, where nought could bee extracted but an hundred upon an hundred) or as your Hackney Myntmen for the most part doe, ten upon the same number, but that trebled, many times, for nothing, as the clemencie of some unperfusing scroles can testifie. His contribution, and benevolence in way of almes, rather powr'd out, than given, as if povertie had bee the object of his profusenesse, not of his reelefe; yet that without froth of ostentation, without reference to merit, on the grounds of a true charity. His Religion (wherein the world thought hee had wav'd and totter'd) upon his accounts to God, and his inlargements and declarations to his friends, on his death-bed, fast to the Church of England; which, (though in the last act) was beleager'd by some emasculate suggestions, yet blessed bee the circumspection of a carefull Sonne, it stood unbatter'd, and in that loyaltie and strength, hee penitently gave up his soule into the hands of his Redeemer.

And now hee is gone, let his imperfections follow, and the memorie of them rot, and moulder with his bodie; hee had many, some prevalient; and (good Lord) which of us have not in a large proportion! But they are our earthy and dusty, and asbie part, so they were his; let them bee buried with him; shovell them into his grave; *Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust*; let them spring no more,

Natures Overthrow, &c.

to the soylng and diffouur of his name, or our
owne uncharitablenesse, but let his ashes rest in
peace; for hee is now — *Gone to his long
abome, and the mourners have walke
for him about the streets.*

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Amen.



F.I.N.I.S.

